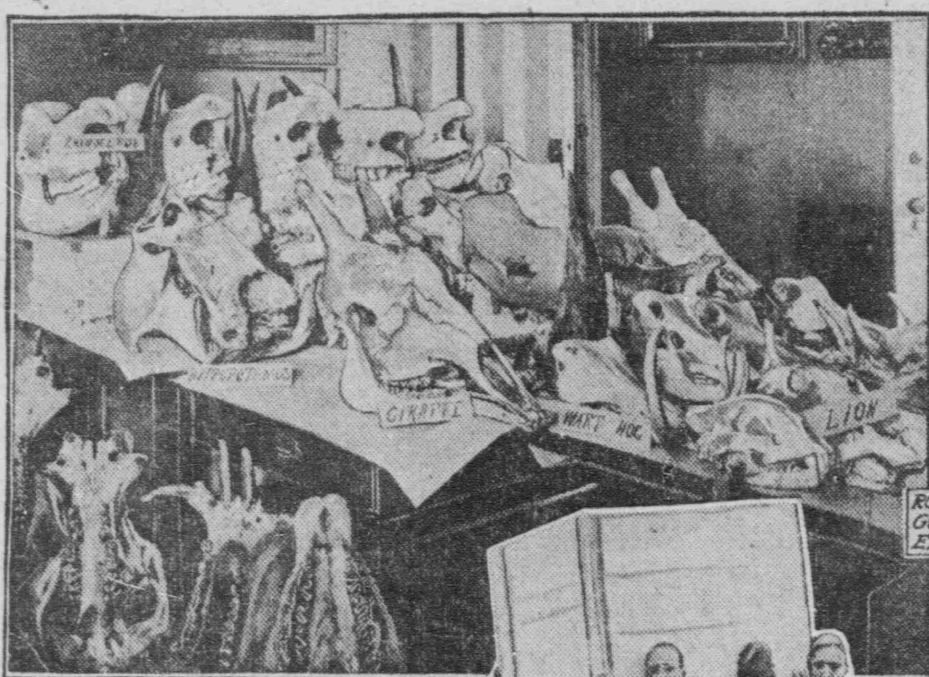


OUR NEWS SNAPSHOTS PAGE

Roosevelt Beginning His Conquest of Europe



SKULLS OF ANIMALS KILLED BY COL. ROOSEVELT

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

OUT of the jungle safe and sound Theodore Roosevelt is beginning his conquest of Europe. This amazing American, this astounding world citizen, this indomitable exponent of the gospel of aggression, has completed with undoubted success the most notable animal hunt in the history of mankind. They call him the mighty Nimrod, and the characterization fits the subject. He has out-Nimrod Nimrod. Rather let us reverse history and say hereafter that Nimrod was the mighty Roosevelt. Emperor William has done some hunting himself. King Edward has shot pheasants and other feathered friends. Grover Cleveland used to go duck hunting with annual regularity. But Theodore Roosevelt's hunting exploits from the time when he was a young ranchman in Dakota to the moment when he embarked on the White Nile for Khartum a few weeks ago have thrown an eclipsing shade over those of all these noted hunters in a bunch, with all the other noted hunters of the world thrown into the group for good count.

If there be any bird skimming the azure, any beast beating tracks through the jungle, any animal loping across the plains or any amphibian swimming in reedy rivers which Colonel Roosevelt has not specimenized with his gun let the same appear forthwith and make deposition or forever hereafter keep in hiding. One wonders how the colonel will be able to content himself now that he has conquered all the worlds of sportsmanship.

But it should be borne in mind that this recently ended African expedition was not merely a hunt for wild animals and not undertaken merely for the lust of killing brute beasts. Back in December, 1908, while Colonel Roosevelt was still president of the United States, Secretary Walcott of the Smithsonian institution at Washington issued an official statement in which this was the opening paragraph:

Not Merely a Shooting Party.

"In March, 1909, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will head a scientific expedition to Africa, outfitted by the Smithsonian institution and starting from New York city. This expedition will gather natural history materials for the government collections, to be deposited by the Smithsonian institution in the new United States National museum at Washington."

There you have the genesis of the Roosevelt expedition to Africa. It is called officially the Roosevelt-Smithsonian African expedition. It has been from its inception in the mind of President Roosevelt to its finish at the palace of the sirdar at Khartum a scientific expedition—an exploration of British East African wilds with an abundance of arsenal apparatus and ammunition for the expressed purpose of finding and forwarding to the United States, for the benefit of the science of natural history and of all the people of the nation, such zoological specimens as should be deemed desirable to have on exhibition in the household of the great American family.

And was this intention carried out? Well, these are the busy days of a large group of persons professionally affiliated with the Smithsonian institution and the National museum. For some months past there have been arriving at Washington consignments of queer things from British East Africa. Latest estimates of the result of the Roosevelt-Smithsonian expedition show more than 8,000 vertebrates procured for the museum. There are 550 large mammals, 3,373 small mammals, 1,500 reptiles (Colonel Roosevelt didn't balk even at snakes), 2,784 birds and 250 fish. Then there is Uganda yet to hear from, and it is well known that in that land governed by native negroes Colonel Roosevelt and his party shot specimens of every beast that blinked and every bird that warbled and captured individual types of every serpent that hissed.

Africa Noah's Arked.

In short, Colonel Roosevelt has combed the jungles, curried the forests and

scoured the veldts until he has gathered together a veritable Noah's ark collection of the wild living things of the parts of Africa where he hunted. One is reminded of the old darky song about Noah and his salvation ark:

De animals went in two by two—
Dere's one mo' ribber to cross!

The one more river in this instance is the Atlantic ocean, which Colonel Roosevelt will cross the middle of June in order to reach home in time for the wedding of his son, Theodore Junior, to Miss Eleanor Alexander of New York, which is to take place June 15.

In the meantime the colonel will complete his conquest of Europe. The great capitals—Paris, Berlin, London, Rome—stand ready to receive him with open arms and open mouths, the latter ajar in awe at the approach of this most unusual American, of whom the Europeans have heard so much in the past decade, but whom they have not seen. It was inevitable that Colonel

Roosevelt should make this grand swing around the circle in Europe. It will be recalled that General Grant after eight years in the presidency went around the world and collected various trophies in the way of the freedom of cities presented in gold or silver caskets. London already has prepared its freedom for Roosevelt, snugly ensconced in a gold box considerably bigger than a brick. Colonel Roosevelt has duties to perform in Europe. For one thing, he must deliver an address in acknowledgment of the Nobel peace prize which he received in 1906 for his services in achieving peace between Russia and Japan. Other lectures before learned bodies he will deliver, and then he will be home-ward, landing at New York about fifteen months after his departure in March, 1909, when he boarded the liner Hamburg for his voyage to Africa.

European Honors Galore.

When Theodore Roosevelt gets home he will have become, in a larger sense

than ever, a citizen of the world. Emperors and kings will have grasped his hand and talked with him. Nations will have honored him. Populaces will have acclaimed him a bully good fellow. And those black half naked natives of Africa, the woolly people of the shoulders and heads through the jungles and trotted faithfully at his commands for a whole year, will pass down to their descendants the great story of their service under the big American with the wonderful teeth.

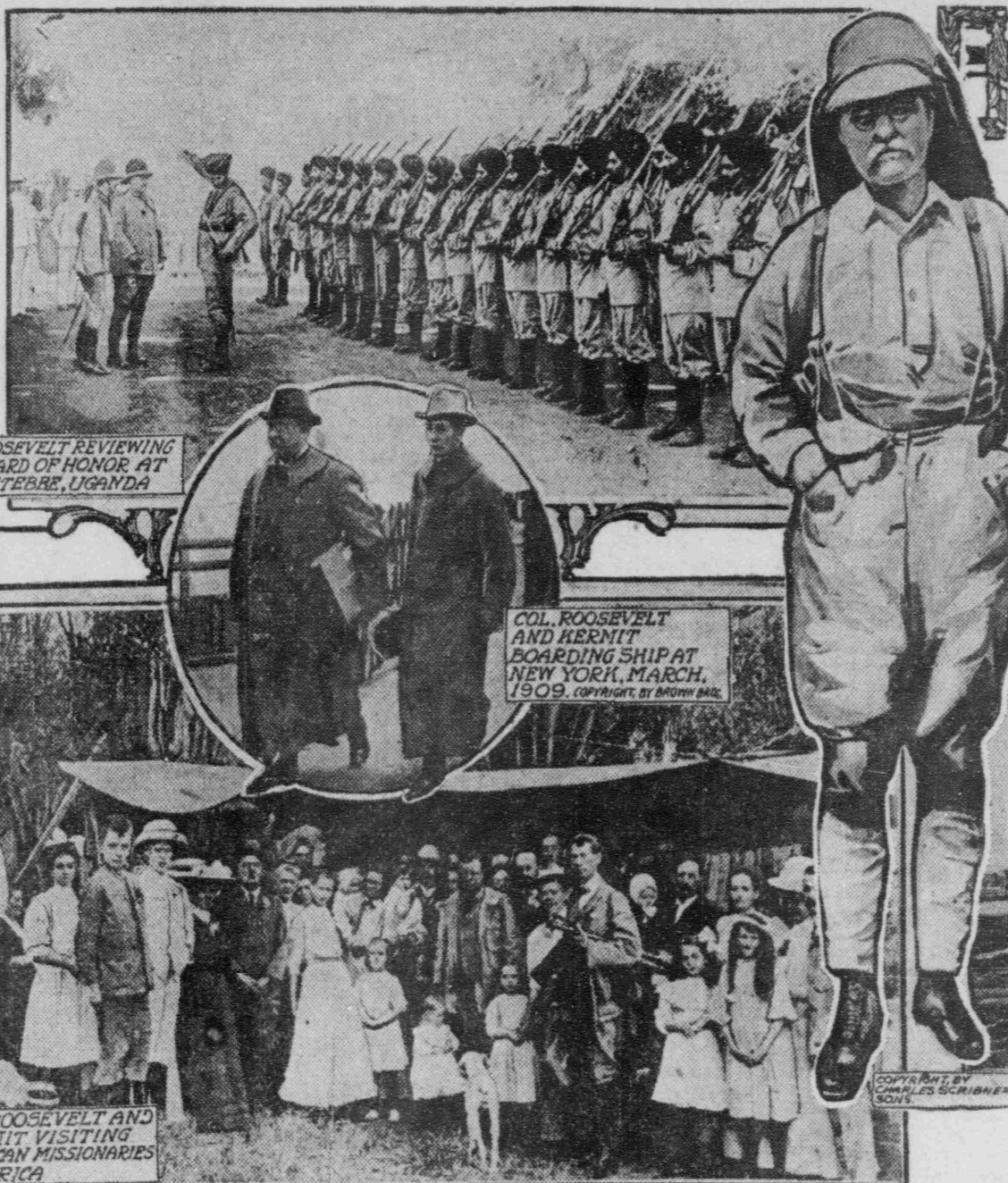
It is a matter for congratulation that this representative American has come through all the perils of the African wilderness unharmed. When he made his exit through a side door at the capitol after the inauguration of President Taft on the 4th of March, 1909, and departed immediately for home, to take ship for Africa a few days later, many were the doleful predictions that a lion would rend him, a bull rhinoceros paw him down, an elephant charge over him, or the jungle fever—direst peril of all—get its

clutch upon him. But Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit, the official photographer of the party and accounted a surer shot than his father, are said to be the only white men who escaped sickness. The colonel took shots at everything he fancied, rode on cow-catchers, cut his way through jungles, visited and fraternized with native monarchs, broke bread with heroic missionaries and ran the whole gamut of African experiences.

It is comforting to read that Mrs. Roosevelt took with her to Khartum a dress suit for her husband, so that for the first time in a year he was able to discard his khaki garb and appear in the habiliments of a conventional American gentleman. Of course Colonel Roosevelt is an intensely human person, but without these little personal touches now and then to relieve the monotony of the highly heroic narrative one might be inclined to pedestal the subject of this brief sketch as a demigod. It is more than likely that Colonel Roosevelt wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt something in this manner: "And please don't forget to bring along my swallowtail, for they will expect me to dress up when I get to Paris and Berlin."

Reading Shelley in the Jungle.

It has been said that the taste for poetry is dying out, if not already dead, because of the strenuity of this modern world. Colonel Roosevelt is the world's leading exponent of strenuity, yet he has told us himself that he took along with him to the African interior, bound in pigskin, for perusal between shots, more than a dozen volumes of poetry, including the works of Shelley, Keats and Emerson. Fancy Theodore Roosevelt, the brilliant aggressor, the terror of trusts and roaring lions, sitting in front of his tent of an African afternoon reading Shelley's elegy on the death of John Keats or the ethereal lyrics in "Prometheus Unbound!" But the great hunter carried with him also the "Hill" of Homer, and it may be that Kermit read Keats and Shelley,



ROOSEVELT REVIEWING GUARD OF HONOR AT ENTENTE, UGANDA

COL. ROOSEVELT AND KERMIT BOARDING SHIP AT NEW YORK, MARCH, 1909. (COPYRIGHT BY EDWIN BAILEY)

COL. ROOSEVELT AND KERMIT VISITING AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA



SUPPLIES MADE UP IN LONDON FOR ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION



LINER HAMBURG LEAVING NEW YORK WITH ROOSEVELT ABOARD, MARCH, 1909. (COPYRIGHT BY EDWIN BAILEY)

Sir Ernest Shackleton Tells Us All About It

British South Pole Explorer on Lecture Tour in United States—Peary Will Return the Compliment



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

NOW that Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Englishman who on the 9th of January, 1909, reached a point only 111 miles from the south pole, is in America to tell us all about his achievement polar interest is renewed with a promise of pleasanter progress than that which attended the late Peary-Cook controversy. Sir Ernest is acclaimed in old world and new as next to Commander Peary the chief polar explorer. He holds the championship belt from the antarctic, though his fellow countryman, Captain Robert F. Scott, is getting ready to unbuckle the belt from Shackleton, and an American expedition also is preparing to try for the trophy.

Sir Ernest, who is accompanied by Lady Shackleton, is receiving a warm greeting from Americans, who know how to appreciate a man who has braved polar rigors and achieved glorious results. While congress still wrangles over the bestowal of honors upon Peary, Shackleton comes to us wearing the flower of knighthood, graciously bestowed by King Edward shortly after the explorer got home from the far south. Until then he was plain Lieutenant Shackleton of the British royal naval reserves.

It is pleasant to know that Commander Peary is going to return the visit of Sir Ernest by going to England early in the summer on a lecturing tour. Peary is to receive a round dozen medals of honor from British societies. Shackleton is receiving medals from American societies. Dinners galore, which should be highly appreciated by these men who have subsisted on short rations of pemmican (Shackleton also tried pony), are on the programs both in England and America.

Sir Ernest is a man of striking personality. He is only forty years old. Possessing in a large measure that bull-

dog tenacity which kept Peary on the march to the north pole until victory crowned his efforts at the age of fifty-three, Sir Ernest seems to be the sort of man who, unless Scott or the American leader yet to be selected for the next dash southward shall arrive at the goal, will keep up the fight until he plants the union jack on the high plateau where, according to his own belief, the south pole is located.

Shackleton's discoveries in the antarctic are considerably more thrilling and interesting, as a matter of fact, than those of Peary in the arctic. The north pole is in the midst of a vast frozen sea—a mere point on the ice.

Shackleton, who went 420 miles nearer the south pole than any other explorer has gone, says that pole is situated on land, in the midst of a vast continent covered with ice glaciers and snow. He says the explorer who finally reaches the pole will find himself on a plateau at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above sea level.

For hundreds of miles Shackleton and his party pushed southward across frozen land, crossing mountain ranges, sledding along the backs of glaciers and saving themselves from dropping to doom down treacherous crevasses only by the mountain climbing device of roping the individuals together and proceeding at some distance apart.

It is agreeable to know that whenever the south pole is marked it will stay marked unless perchance there may be a sliding glacier at that point which is not considered likely. All records left by Peary at the north pole and for hundreds of miles on his march have moved away with the ice drift. Being on land, the south pole is a stay there proposition.

However, it is not believed that any flag, stars and stripes or union jack, will float very long at the south pole. Shackleton found that region infested with blizzards that blew a matter of eighty miles an hour, and on his return from farthest south he greeted only bare poles at the stations where he had raised flags to mark his track. The blizzards had blown the flags away.

Shackleton's story of his march toward the pole shows that polar travel is a great leveler and equalizer of men. Sir Philip Brocklehurst, baronet, was geologist and baker to the expedition. No doubt the Brocklehurst biscuits and pony pot roasts were properly appreciated by both plebeian and patrician appetites. It was the pony meat, in fact, that saved the expedition from starvation. Shackleton tells us that on his march southward he killed a pony here and there, marking the place where the meat was left. On the march back every time the party reached a dead pony the food had run out. Each pony carcass preserved the lives of the men until they reached the next one.

Sir Ernest has a real thriller in his description of the ascent of Mount Erebus, the antarctic volcano mountain. At the top was found a large, active crater, belching forth great volumes of steam to a height of 2,000 feet. He has moving pictures to illustrate his lectures—the first ever made on a polar march.

Shackleton is the son of a London physician. An adventurer from childhood, at sixteen he joined the merchant marine, making voyages to various ports aboard tramp ships. Later he became a ship's officer on a line between England and South Africa. He also entered the royal naval reserves as an officer. When Captain Scott made his record breaking attempt up the south pole in 1901 Shackleton went along as his third officer. That trip gave the young man a Pearyistic taste for further pole potting adventure.

THOMAS SHELLEY.

Rice Only Staple Food of Stationary Price

American Output Rapidly Increasing—Small Demand Heretofore Said to Be Due to Bad Cooking

INDIVIDUALS learn rapidly, but races acquire enlightenment only through age long processes. This thought is evoked by contemplation of the statement of an Arkansas farmer that he has raised rice on prairie land in his own state, shipped it to China and sold it at a profit in competition with the rice raised in that country, the vast majority of whose teeming millions have cultivated and consumed rice as their chief food since long before Confucius lived and taught.

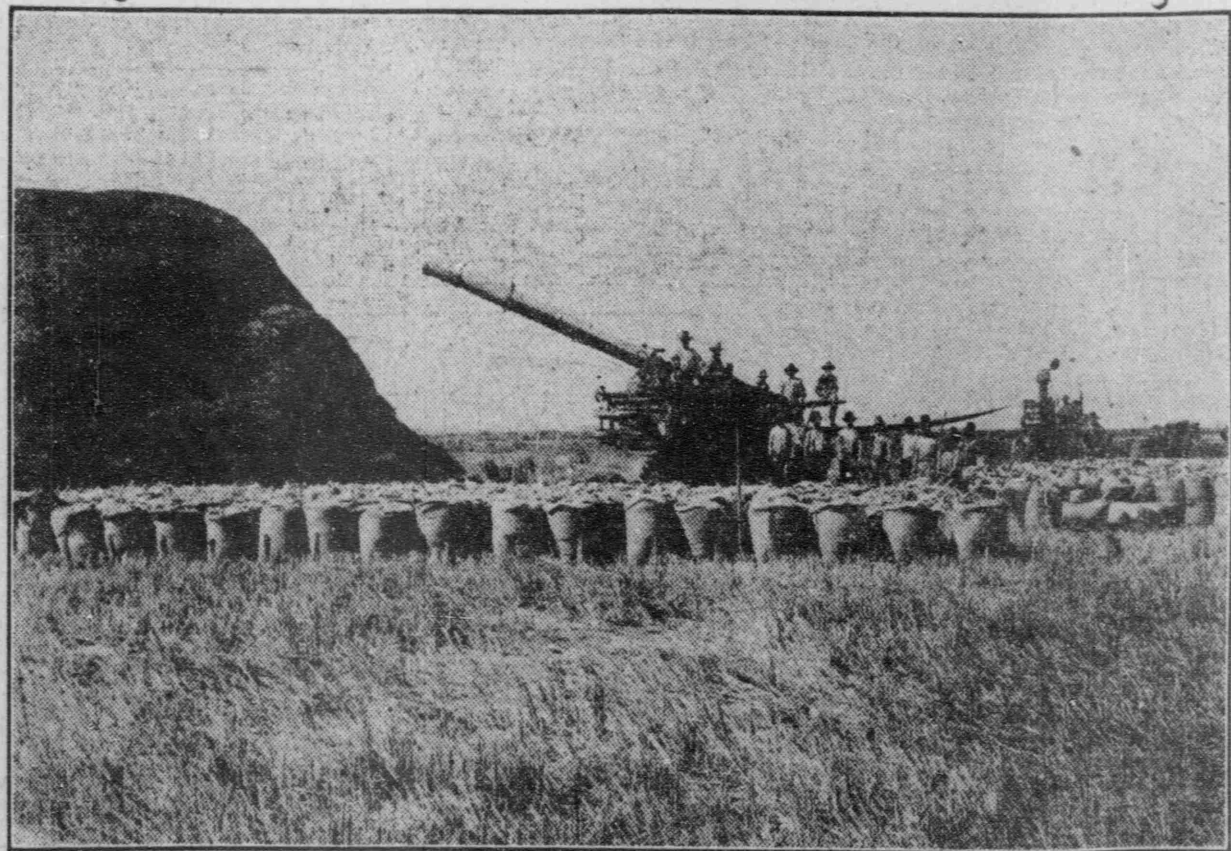
In the United States, where we are in the midst of an unsatisfactory crusade against the high prices of food, we pay about 30 cents for a pound of porterhouse steak. Yet we are assured by patient scientific investigators that one pound of rice, which costs about a nickel, has the same nutritive value as

Advocates of rice eating, who are springing up here and there throughout the United States in considerable numbers of late, declare that this difference in consumption is due chiefly to the difference in cooking. There are, of course, hundreds of ways of serving rice, but those who are seeking to push this delectable and economical food down the American throat aver loudly and with reiterated acclaim that the basis of all rice delights lies in the boiling of the grain. If it is boiled so that each grain stands out like a separate individual at a dignified mass meeting, instead of sticking together like the conglomerate atoms of a street mob, the rice is fit to eat.

As a nation we are beginning to learn that rice growing and rice eating are quite worth while. Government statisticians told us in a report published last November that the quantity of rice grown in this country since 1900 was equal to the quantity grown in the fifty years from 1850 to 1900. Since 1908, the year in which the last figures used in these statistics were made up, the area of rice planting has grown enormously. In Arkansas, for instance, where four years ago there was no rice production, more than 25,000 acres

were planted to rice last year. Just here it is well to state that rice is almost the only food that has not increased greatly in price during the past twenty years. Most of our staple foods have soared to heights from 100 to 400 per cent higher than their attitude back in 1900, while rice sells now at practically the same figure it sold at then. This, quite probably, may be due to the bad cooking, which has served to keep down the demand.

As Abraham Lincoln remarked, if you like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing you like; so if you like rice you like it, and it will encourage you to learn that the American output nowadays is of a bigness not to be sneezed at and is increasing rapidly. It is estimated that the product last year aggregated a billion pounds of



THRASHING RICE IN TEXAS—SEE THE RICESTRAW STACK.

two pounds of porterhouse. Rice, properly cooked—and please stick a pin here for future reference—does not clog up the digestive apparatus of the human animal as beefsteak does, and that is another point in favor of the Asiatic cereal. Individuals in America have known for a long time how to cook rice so that it is palatable, but as a nation we are still ignorant in that respect.

For 1908 the government's estimate was 605,000,000 pounds. Louisiana is our greatest rice growing state. In 1908 Louisiana produced 52.8 per cent of the total. Texas was not far behind, with 41.8 per cent. Arkansas has come up toward the front. The other rice producing states are South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi.

ROBERT DONNELL.